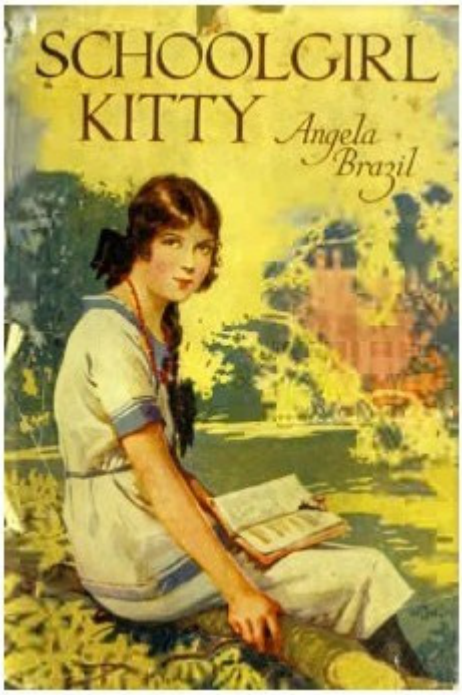
Aristasia Treasure Trove

Angela Brazil Wednesday, Jul 11 2007

Aristasian Society and Culture and Aristasiansaristasia9:42 pm



Miss Beaumarsh wrote:

Whilst taking a gentle stroll in Elektraspace, I found references to several of Miss Angela Brazil's wonderful school novels — with examples of their lovely covers. I hope to share more of them with you in due course, but I thought I'd start with this one, as I have an older sister of the same name, who was born, and lives in Vintesse. Pip Pip, Kitty I hope you enjoy this!

Unfortunately these marvelous stories have been out of print for quite some time, but one can occasionally find up-to-date, second-hand copies in the right shops, and also in Elektraspace- but it is worth looking around to note variations in prices, as some naughty booksellers have them at jolly unreasonable prices. Quelle swindle!

Anyway I'm sounding quite brunette with all this talk of bargaining! I'll leave you blondes to admire the pretty cover illustration!

Later:
I thought I'd add another jolly book cover, dedicated to my younger sister Eve this time! Any of you Avendale pupils (or Mistresses!) who have had the good fortune to meet this delightful young lady (cough cough!) may see why it is appropriate! I must explain, she is a rather lively, robust brunette whom I have had some difficulty in disciplining. Perhaps I should send her back to Avendale to become reaccquainted with the venerable Misses Serelique and Wardelle.

Miss Gillian commented:

Up-to-date schoolgirl books are in some ways as near to paradisial as Telluria gets. They present an all-female world, and especially in the gentler ones (like those of Miss Angela Brazil), a very sweet, loving world motivated largely by kindness and good will.

Leave a Response »

A Missed 'Bus Thursday, Jul 5 2007

Aristasiansaristasia7:05 pm

Miss Cornelia remembers her day:
Well, today I was set to get on the autobus (I think it's called) to visit my brunette mother. She lives in a city a few hours north of my own, which is also home to the museum at which I shall be apprenticed during the summer. The kindly brunettes in charge of it wish to speak with me before said apprenticeship commences.

I packed my best suit and hat, and several pairs of stockings (as I always manage to ruin at least one), and tripped down to wait where the telephone operator told me to. It wasn't ten minutes before I saw the autobus go whizzing happily by. The departure spot had changed, and the operator had not known. Alas! So now I must try to catch it tomorrow.

But: lemons to lemonade. I used the time thus freed up to work in my garden. Weeds are very stubborn things! I gave the azaleas and lilacs a good grooming, as well, and watered my big pots full of strawberry plants. It was then that I met Pug, the most adorable spider ever.

Pug is a little black thing, very stout and squat. She walks about like a bossy, short-legged dog, and seems to know her own mind — for she would not move from the strawberry pot she had chosen to rest on no matter how much she was watered, or how hard she was jostled. It seems she has decided to stick about.

I don't mind, really, for she seems very bodyguard-ish. When I was young, I was very terrified of spiders — so imagine my horror when we moved into a new house which seemed to be filled with them. As many as five or six would congregate on my ceiling each night! It was then that my blonde mother told me that, in fact, these were the Advance Guard and Royal Advisors of the Spider Princess. The Spider Princess, you see, can turn into the most dashing brunette when she wants to (even if she is a bit tall and long-limbed), and — imagine! — I had been betrothed to her at birth! The Spider Princess wished her soldiers to keep an eye on me. Isn't that sweet? How could I be afraid of them after learning this?

(I'm still waiting for her to show up, but one mustn't rush royalty.)

Leave a Response »

The Wrong World Saturday, Jun 16 2007

Aristasiansaristasia7:28 pm

Miss Sakura wrote:

Very early in my life I felt I was in the wrong world and from a young age I had dreams (night dreams and day dreams) of a world where all people were ladies. I felt I had friends in that world and when I layed down I would talk to those friends.

Sometimes when I was very young I believed that if I did this little thing or did not do that thing, it would help or hurt my friends in this other world that was my true home. As I grew a bit older I knew these were just my personal superstitions and I thought that the whole thing about another world might be a fantasy of my own.

But still I felt this world very strongly, and my other-world friends told me when I layed down that I will meet them in this physical world in some years to come. There was one who spoke to me often and said she was in another place in this physical world and she hoped we could meet one day. And others told me there were many of us who belonged not to this earth but to a feminine world, and that we are coming together to make an outpost of the feminine world.

All this I knew before I heard the name of Aristasia. Now I know that Aristasia is the name of the world I had always dreamed of, and I believe some of my friends are here in Aristasia.

I wonder if we will know one another, because there is a veil between the non-physical communication and the physical world. The powerful lady who told me many of these things years ago might be you, my lady. Do you remember telling a small girl that you were in the physical world and we may meet?

No matter. I know my friends are here; old friends and new friends and I know this is my home. Thank you all for being here.

Perhaps we have been sent from the Motherland to be born in this strange world for a purpose? I wonder what that purpose is?

Most important of all is to find our friends again!

Leave a Response »

Home-come Wanderer Tuesday, Jun 5 2007

Aristasiansaristasia8:08 pm

I was born a certain number of years ago in Telluria. What I thought as a baby I cannot tell, but as I grew to more explicitly thinking-years I was profoundly aware that this place was not my home. The people were strange and alien to me and never became less so.

As I grew older, I saw up-to-date ('30s to '50s) films sometimes and saw a world that made more sense to me. It was less insane, but it was still certainly not my world.

I had a constant sense that I had come from somewhere else, and that I had a reason for being here, and that reason was somehow to serve my Homeland.

Mentally I often felt in contact with people from the Homeland. They reassured me when I felt terrible. They told me that there were others in Telluria and that I should be united with them. I met people who assured me that I should know them later. I knew snatches about my Homeland. Even a few words of its speech.

I told people I was not from this world. Some laughed and some were interested, but none seemed to be my countrymaids.

I had spiritual yearnings and tried for a time to be a Christian. Despite all my efforts the religion felt terribly alien to me. I could only approach it at all by seeing God as feminine.

I heard about the goddess Aphrodite and felt I must give myself to her. To me she was not a s*xual deity (I understood little about s*x then and not much more now). She was the quintessence of pure Divine Love. Later I understood that the Angel I belonged to was Sai Sushuri.

Finally in my later 'teens I met with Aristasians. I had looked into many of the things that exist in Telluria (In a theoretical sort of way – I was too shy to go out and meet people, and anyway they never seemed like the right sort of people) and none of them had seemed even remotely right. Now things began to fall into place. I was doubly fortunate (or, more accurately, I was led) to find an Aristasian who was fully conversant with the way Pura touches on those of us who are exiled here. She believed a hundred percent in Pura and knew that she also came from there.

This was my homeland. This was the place I always knew I had come from. I was sure now.

I asked my new friend "Have I met you before? Did you tell me when I was fourteen that you would meet me in your physical body in a few years?"

She said "I believe so. I have met several people in the aethyr. Of course it is cloudy there for those accustomed to looking with the physical eye. But I feel you must be one of those I met."

There are many kinds of Aristasian in Telluria. Some are children of Telluria who dip their toes into the waters of Aristasia and a few eventually take the Full Plunge. But some are Purans who never were at home in Telluria. Some, like myself, were always very conscious of the Motherland. For others it was merely a vague uneasiness that became clearer as they grew up and eventually made sense upon encountering Aristasia.

But I know well that I was guided by daughters of the Motherland from the day I set foot on this strange world, and I know that others were too. And I know now that the Empire has finally taken a fully active part in guiding and directing Aristasia-in-Telluria. And I think that is why I am here and why others of us are here.

So I want to say two things. Please understand that Aristasia Pura is real, and that its daughters are looking after us; and if you are one of our lost sisters who never felt at home in Telluria and had even a small hint of the Motherland, please come home. You need us and we need you.

Leave a Response »

A Dovedale Girl Tuesday, May 29 2007

Aristasiansaristasia7:17 pm

My name is Nancy Moore and I am a 15 year old blonde from Dovedale in Quirinelle. I live with my parents and my older brunette sister, Estella who is 19 and my younger blonde sister Coco, who's real name is actually Claudia. She is 10.

My family are dairy farmers and we also have a huge orchard containing apple, plum and pear trees and best of all cherry trees which are my favorite as they look so nice all year round and I adore cherries. My family all live close by, I have cousins all within walking distance. Last year my cousins organised a dance in one of the farm's barns and all the older girls could go along, I wasn't allowed but I did sneak a look. They had a gramaphone and bunting and a table almost groaning with food! This year Mother says I may go if Estella promises to keep an eye on me. And if I do go I can wear my new dress, it is blue with a cherry print.

I have a tree house that used to be Estella's until she got too old and said it was only for babies, but I love it. Mummy often makes sandwiches and cakes and large bottles of cold lemonade for me and Eliza (my best friend) to take with us and we sit up there for hours on end. Only Eliza is only home over the summer as she attends a boarding school in the eastern Quirrie.

Last winter I had a baby cow to look after all by myself which was quite fun. She was born in February, and was such a wee thing and I had to hand feed her and everything. Her name is Honey and she is quite a darling,. She has the loveliest big brown eyes and always comes to me when I call her name.

Leave a Response »

A Traveller Arrives Friday, May 18 2007

Aristasiansaristasia2:45 pm

Miss Cierra recalled:

When I first saw the mother-of-pearl spires of Acadia my heart filled with joy and gratitude to those who have come before me. In my heart of hearts I held on to what was rightfully mine despite the best attempts at colonization by the alien nation of the genetically challenged. They have eroded year after year at the pillars of my soul, yet, after experiencing the joys of Aristasia (long live the Empress!) there is still fear and trepidation within.

"Am I beyond redemption?" I wearily ask myself as I prepare to meet others in my new home. "Will they genuinely love me or discard me when I'm old and gray?" Hundreds of questions torment and beat upon the ramparts of my heart. "Have they forgotten the long years of their sojourns or the scars they too bear?"

"No," I tell myself, "they have not." But still I wonder, "Oh why don't I have that self confidence I still remember of my youth. Where has it gone? Have I let them steal that too?" I cry in anguish burying my face in my hands. "I am but a pauper compared to the opulence which surrounds me," as the ocean wells again inside. I'm clothed in well mended homespun and I marvel at the fine silks dancing in the wind never once having imagined such colors ever existed on any plane of existence.

"Could this finally be home?"

Leave a Response »

A Flying Visit Wednesday, May 16 2007

Aristasiansaristasia4:32 pm

Miss Christabelle sent a Post Card:

My Aunt and I have been touring in her motor, quite jolly actually. We've dashed here and there and been to so many places in such a little time. I must say that our little motor was looked on with a mixture of awe and curiosity in many parts of Arcadia. In the parts we went to they do have their own motors but not as sophisticated as my Aunt's Vintesse machine.

I am sending a picture of my Aunt's car. Isn't it splendid!

Leave a Response »

A Quirinelle Diary Monday, May 7 2007

Aristasiansaristasia2:26 pm

Chen-Chen Astraea wrote in her diary:

19th Vaskaras
Look at you!

A clean blank page. A fresh new diary with a lovely leather cover and not a word written in you.

Only now you aren't because I have written that. How funny!

I love your newness and freshness. I almost hate to write in you, because my writing is so scrawly and spidery, especially when I am tired. And you are the third diary I have tried to keep. And it never works because I get lazy or forgetful.

Where will you be in a year, dear diary? Will you be full of wonderful adventures and dazzling prose? Or will you be mostly empty with a few scrawled pages at the front, starting with this one?

I really mean to keep you this time, Diary, because you are so beautiful, and because Blonde Mummie bought you for me, and because I promised her I should write in you all the time we are apart.

There! A tear just missed you. The first of a hundred little accidents I hope you won't have!

I am on the aero writing this. I have a tiny little bedroom, too small for anything but my very small bed, and a little shelf for you and my Wonderbox. Blonde Mummie bought me the Lady Carleon Detective Adventure. I am going to start playing as soon as I finish writing in you! The Stewardess who is in charge of me will make me turn out the light soon, so I shall play Wonderbox under the covers just like at home.

Then I shall fall asleep. And then, when I awake, we shall be over Quirinelle and practically ready to land.

And soon I shall see Clearwater. I wonder what sort of a place it is. 170 Platina Drive, Clearwater, Quirinelle. I've never lived in a house with a number on a street before. I wonder what it will be like. I wonder what Aunt Dorothea will be like. I wonder what it will be like going to a school in Quirinelle.

It is a big adventure, but sort of scary.

Just think, dear Diary – even if I am very bad and hardly write in you at all, all the answers to my questions will be written on the next few pages. I'm bound to last that long, aren't I?

20th Vaskaras
Just a quickly-quickly scribble now, dear Diary. I promise I am not going downhill, but we shall be landing very soon.

I had that dream again. You know the one, I suppose. I mean, I have written about it in one of the other diaries, and I suppose you are all one Diary really aren't you? I mean in the Aethyr or something.

Anyway, it was that dream where I am in a strange world where I don't feel at home – because although in the dream I was born in that world, I am still me, and the world is just as strange as it would be to me. Or nearly as strange anyway.

And I dreamed that people were dressed in funny sloppy clothes instead of trying to look neat and proper; and they had television, but on it were really nasty, bad things that would never be allowed in a real world. I suppose I was thinking about television because I really want to see the television in Quirinelle. But ugh this dream makes me have a nasty feeling when I even think about television. I suppose it will wear off.

But here we are, coming down over Quirinelle. It looks terribly pretty – the fields spread out like a giant toy farm. I can see a road with cars, but I can't make out the details. I do want to see one of those sleek Quirrie cars with fins. I suppose I shall see lots soon.

Goodbye for now, Diary. The stewardess is here to make sure I have all my things in order.

23rd Vaskaras
Well, here I am in my delightful little bedroom – but I'd better say how I got here!

The aero landed at Chelveton Aeroport. It was a fine sunny day and lots of people were waiting just the other side of a little fence. No one is allowed on the runway until the aero lands you see, and then they fuss for a while before letting them come. Aeroports are very fussy places.

So we all came down this long ladder out of the Aero and I was looking about for Aunt Dorothea. I couldn't see her. Then someone tapped me from behind and it was a very tall brunette in a black uniform with a peaked cap, who said "Mistress Astraea?" and I said "Yes." and she said "Come with me please" so I did.

I thought it must be Aunt Dorothea's chauffeuse. We walked through the aeroport. It was the third aeroport I have seen. The others are Goldhaven and Trintitiana. Goldhaven bristles with East-Novari efficiency and South-Trent charm. Trintitiana is very strait-laced and seemly – at least the aeroport is. I must say I was a bit disappointed with my first impression of Quirinelle.

You see back home everyone talks about "Quirridips" which means mad, feckless Quirinelle people, and I was rather expecting to see lots of outlandish crazy people and Teddy-girls and such. It wasn't a bit like that. In terms of decorum, it was more like Trintitiana with brighter colours. In terms of aesthetics it was quite exotic and raher a mixture. Those wide flared skirts gave it and almost Arcadian look (not that I have been to Arcadia) and the slim pencil skirts had an East-Novari sort of austerity and severity about them. No Teddy-girls at all. No rock-and-roll blaring from the airport speakers. In fact they played rather soupy renditions of the latest Trentish songs, that sounded rather less "hot" than the Trentish versions. Sigh. My Wild Quirrie Adventure was looking less wild by the mome.

The person in the black uniform led me to an equally black taxi, where my aunt awaited me. My second disappointment. Not a chauffeuse at all. That is just the uniform the taxi-drivers wear in Chelverton.

I have never met Aunt Dorothea before. She is a tall, thin brunette of the most extraordinarily nervous type. She really did not know how to talk to a young blonde. I can see some potential here. I have an idea I can get away with all sorts of things.

I was my usual charming self and she pointed out the sights of Chelverton as we passed them. The Quirrinelle Capital is very impressive, I must say. I hope I shall get a chance to see it again.

Once we were clear of Chelverton it was miles and miles of open country, little hedged fields and charming tiny villages, until we came to the town of Clearwater, which is a pleasant country town, though not especially impressive.

Some of the houses I have to say are extremely fine. Sai Sushuri Row is quite stunning – veritable mansions one after another where the High Raihira of the town live – and the High Magdala. Imagine that! Tradespeople in the same Row with the aristocracy. They call them all "raihiralan", which is the cheatingest word because there is nothing Raihira about the Magdala even if they have got pots of money.

Apparently they don't see that in Quirinelle, which is the only Quirridip thing I have seen so far, and it isn't a dreadfully entertaining one in my humble opinner.

Well, after this, Platina Drive was a bit of a disappointment. It is a funny little road tucked away in the back of the town somewhere. High, dark-looking buildings with railings at the front. The houses have no space between them at all – they are joined together like one long house, even though they all have separate front doors.

I wondered what such a place could be possibly like inside. And you shall have to wonder a little longer, dear Diary, for I have to run for the mome.

Leave a Response »

Miss Victoria Mayhew Wednesday, May 2 2007

Aristasiansaristasia10:12 am

Miss Victoria Mayhew introduces herself:

My name is Victoria, and I am a blonde. I currently reside by myself in Vintesse. I was raised in Quirinelle for the first few years of my life, but my brunette mother died and my blonde mother moved back to western Arcadia to live with her family for a while. Most of my childhood was spent with my blonde mother (Miss Mariana Michford) and her sister, Lady Iris de Winter (a brunette). However, I have also spent much time with my aunt, a blonde professor named Miss Juliana Mayhew, in Trent as well as in a small town on the edge of Quirinelle called Eastminster. After my mother had ended her years of first and second mourning, she found herself swept off her feet by a former classmate, Miss Anna Milchford, who is actually my stepmother, so I suppose my aunt Juliana is not really my aunt, but I've always called her that…

Anyway, I have two younger stepsisters, Leila and Elspeth (blonde and brunette, respectively) and they are both in boarding school right now. As for myself, I received private tutoring from Aunt Juliana. Perhaps that might account for my conservative views on some matters. Most of my relatives are originally Arcadian. Not that we don't have our fair share of bohemians in the family, but in matters of fashion and taste we do tend to be quite provintal. Purple hair simply does not exist in Arcadia, or even in Trent or Quirinelle! My cousin, Olympia (de Winter) is crazy enough to try a stunt like that, but she wants to serve in the army once she graduates from the University, and somehow I don't think that they will allow her such an affectation.

I graduated from a small blonde college at the University of Milchford three years ago and currently support myself by tutoring – I suppose I am like my aunt in many ways, except I am not quite so formidable as she is. Also, I write poetry – but one cannot pay the bills on that. Alas.

Leave a Response »

Their Serene Highnesses Sunday, Apr 29 2007

Aristasian Society and Culture and Aristasiansaristasia4:16 pm

The Empress is Her Imperial Majesty Celestia III. She is the direct descendant of Sai Rayanna, the Sun-Daughter and first Cairen Empress. She is regarded, in her function if not in her person, as the incarnation of the sun herself. This is the meaning of the great salutation: *Rayati Raihiranya* – Hail to the Empress (as an incarnation of the Sun).

The position of Empress is therefore a hereditary one although it does not necessarily follow the Tellurian law of primogeniture. All daughters of the Imperial Family are Imperial Princesses and all are brought up in seclusion and with considerable rigour in the great temple-palace at the heart of the Imperial City. The slightly modern way of life adopted by some Westrenne Royal Families is out of the question for the Imperial Family. An Imperial Princess is one of the most highly-trained, profoundly cultured and rigorously disciplined maidens in the Empire. The selection of the Imperial Princess who is to become Empress takes place according to tests and rituals that are unknown to any outside the highest Haiela and Raihira who make up the Traditional hierarchy of the Imperial Court and Sun-Temple.

Those who are unsuited to this demanding life are usually allowed to withdraw. They then become Serene Highnesses whose functions are purely ceremonial. It should perhaps be mentioned here that the use of the term "Serene Highness" to mean non-authoritative royalty is something of a Westrenne joke. The honorific "serene" is in fact used, upon the proper occasions, for *all* royalty, up to – and *a fortiori* including – the Empress herself. It denotes the "unacting action" of the Spiritual Principle, and is expressed in the scriptural passage:

Earth moves but Heaven is still. The rim revolves, but the Centre remains without motion

The still point from which all movement arises, like the point without extension from which all space proceeds, is represented on earth by Her Serene Majesty; and her governance of the Empire is likened to the actionless action of the Spirit. It is from this central idea that the term "Serene Highness" is accorded secondarily to the whole Imperial Family.

However, in the Westrenne lands there is a certain spirit of "activism", "individualism" and "exteriorism" akin to, but by no means as extreme as, that in modern Western Telluria, and this spirit, at its most gross, can see serenity as simple inactivity. The pretence that the "Serene" in "Serene Highness" denotes lack of authority or active participation in Government is thus a humorously

deliberate "misunderstanding". Actually the reason they are often known by this title is that it is one of the fundamental titles belonging to the Imperial Family and held by all its members, as opposed to some other titles which derive from particular functions.

Incidentally, the term "All serene", used in Aristasian military and other circles, means "all in order": and while its superficial meaning is "all quiet, nothing wrong", at a profounder level it implies "all is right" – i.e. all is in harmony with the serenely unchanging Principle, and thus with the Will of Heaven – and by extension of Heaven's daughter, the Empress.

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